



AND CLOTHES AND PARTIES. TO ME,
IT SEEMS LIKE A NECESSITY THAT
PUNK ROCK SUBCULTURE EMBRACES
COMPASSION AS PART OF ITS REVOLUTION.

IF IT DOESN'T, THERE'S REALLY NOT MUCH
POINT.

WE ARE ALLIES, COMRADES, PARTNERS,
FRIENDS, FAMILY. WITHOUT OPENNESS
& HONESTY AND COMPASSION WE CAN
BE NONE OF THESE THINGS EFFECTIVELY.

THE PERSONAL IS THE POLITICAL.

viva
La
Revolution

♥
JOE

THAT LEADS TO SUICIDE, ABUSE,
VIOLATION... IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH
TO WAIT UNTIL IT HAPPENS AND THEN
BLAME EACH OTHER FOR IT. WE
HAVE TO ANTICIPATE THESE PROBLEMS
AND LEARN TO AVOID THEM ALTOGETHER.
THAT'S WHY WE CREATE AN ALTERNATIVE
CULTURE TO THE MAINSTREAM CULTURE:
SO WE CAN HAVE A TRUE SAY IN
HOW THINGS ARE DONE. CULTURE AT
LARGE IS SO FUCKED AND SO OVERWHELMING
THAT IT SEEMS LIKE A WASTE OF
EFFORT TO FIGHT IT. BUT CREATING
AN ALTERNATIVE IS A VIABLE WAY
TO OPPOSE THE CULTURE. THIS IS
WHY OUR ALTERNATIVE CULTURE
MUST BE A DEFENCE OF THE THINGS
WE HATE ABOUT CULTURE. THIS ISN'T
JUST WORDS. THIS IS HOW WE MUST
ACTIVELY CHOOSE TO LIVE OUR LIVES
ON A DAY TO DAY BASIS. THIS
IS WHY WE NEED TO CREATE A
CULTURE WITH MORE THAN BANDS

WELCOME!

THIS IS A COLLECTION OF WRITINGS
I'VE DONE IN THE PAST FEW YEARS ON
SOME OF THE THINGS I'VE LIVED THROUGH,
NOT THAT MY LIFE HAS BEEN ANY HARDER
THAN ANYONE ELSE'S, IT'S JUST THAT THESE
HAVE BEEN SOME OF THE HARDEST THINGS
FOR ME TO DEAL WITH:

- THE SUICIDE OF A FRIEND.
- WIERD RELATIONSHIP WITH
MY DAD.
- SEXUAL VIOLATION AT 15.

AND FOR WHATEVER REASON, THESE ARE
THINGS THAT HAVE SHAPED MY CHARACTER.
THESE ARE THINGS I HAD TO CRY ABOUT,
CONTEMPLATE, ANALYZE, DESPISE, UNDERSTAND...
NEEDLESS TO SAY, OVER THE PAST YEARS I'VE
GAINED A LOT OF UNDERSTANDING ON THESE
TOPICS, OR AT LEAST PUT A LOT OF ENERGY
INTO THEM. WHICH LEADS INTO WHY
I DECIDED TO DO ANOTHER 'BORN TO LOSE':

IN MY WAY OF LOOKING AT THINGS, PEOPLE WITH KNOWLEDGE ARE OBLIGATED TO SHARE IT. IF KNOWLEDGE ISN'T SHARED, WE KEEP MAKING THE SAME MISTAKES, FALLING IN THE SAME HOLES, KEEP OURSELVES ISOLATED AND ALIENATED.

I GUESS THE GOOD THAT CAME OF THESE INCIDENTS IS THAT I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHARE. I GUESS I HAVE TO DO A MAGAZINE ABOUT IT OR I WOULD HAVE NOTHING POSITIVE TO SHOW FOR ALL THE TEARS AND CONTEMPLATION. THIS MAGAZINE IS MY CLOUD'S SILVER LINING. IT'S THE LEMONADE I MADE WHEN THE WORLD THREW ME LEMONS. IT'S MY OBLIGATION TO SHARE - TO COMMUNICATE. IT'S MY PRAYER TO OTHERS...

...IT'S MY OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

WE'RE ALL IN THIS THING TOGETHER. WE NEED TO DO WHAT WE CAN WITH WHAT WE HAVE. THESE ARE THE THINGS I KNOW. THIS IS MY WEALTH TO SHARE WITH YOU. TAKE CARE.



JOE
2011 NE 47TH
PORTLAND, OR
97213

GOT DEEPER THAN BANDS & VEGANISM. AND IF THAT'S WHAT PUNK ROCK IS, I DON'T WANT TO BE A PART OF IT. BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN TOO STUBBORN TO QUIT - IF I DON'T LIKE IT I'LL TRY TO CHANGE IT. MORE FOCUS ON PERSONAL POLITICS. MORE FOCUS ON CREATING A REAL, CARING COMMUNITY.

MORE COMPASSION.

LESS FASHION SHAWS, GENERIC POLITICS, IGNORANCE, CLOSED DOORS...

IF PUNK ROCK IS INDEED COMMUNITY, WE NEED TO ACT LIKE A COMMUNITY, WHICH MEANS MORE EXPRESSION AND MORE ROOM TO OPEN UP TO EACH OTHER. THE PERSONAL IS THE POLITICAL.

IF WE CAN WORK ON CREATING A COMMUNITY BASED ON COMPASSION, HOPE, AND OPENNESS THAN MAYBE SOMEDAY WE'LL SEE A LOT LESS OF THE ISOLATION AND DEPRIVATION

IT'S BEEN SAID THAT KNOWLEDGE IS POWER,
BUT THERE ALSO NEEDS TO BE ACTION,
AWARENESS IS ONLY A STEP IN THE DIRECTION
OF REVOLUTIONARY LIVING. I WROTE THIS
MAGAZINE KNOWING FULL WELL THAT ALL OF
US HAVE TO DEAL WITH THESE THINGS. SUICIDE,
ABUSE, RAPE... THESE ARE COMMONPLACE IN
OUR SOCIETY. THESE ARE PROBLEMS BRED
BY OUR CULTURE, AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH,
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE SOLUTION IS.
BUT I DO KNOW THAT WHAT WE CAN DO
IS OFFER SUPPORT AND COMPASSION TO
NOT ONLY OUTWARDLY VICTIMIZED PEOPLE,
BUT TO EVERYONE. PUNK SUBCULTURE
SEEMS TO BE BUILT ON COMMUNITY, BUT
MORE OFTEN THAN NOT IT'S JUST CLOTHES,
BANDS, PARTIES... WE NEED TO CREATE A
SAFE PLACE FOR PEOPLE TO EXPRESS
THEMSELVES COMFORTABLY WITHOUT THE
FEAR OF LOOKING "UNCOOL". I COULDN'T
COME OUT ABOUT BEING RAPED FOR SIX
YEARS BECAUSE MY COMMUNITY NEVER

MOLLY 17

FROM THE 1ST INCARNATION OF BORN TO
LOSE # 5

... INDEED, 1995 WAS A HORRIBLE YEAR FOR ME. FOR EVERYTHING GREAT I EVENTUALLY FELT THE MORBIDITY OF. I KISSED WITHOUT THINKING, AND THE NEXT DAY I COULD THINK OF NOTHING ELSE. I TRIED TO EXPLAIN MYSELF, ONLY GETTING DUG DEEPER INTO A HOLE OF CONFUSION. EVERYTHING THAT MADE ME HAPPY MADE ME PARANOID IT WOULD LEAVE. I DECIDED I WOULD RATHER BE LONLEY THAN DRAG SOMEONE DOWN WITH ME. IT KEPT BUILDING WITH NO EXPLANATION. I WAS CONSTANTLY FIGHTING MYSELF - LOOKING FOR THE REASON BEHIND IT ALL. I WAS TO THE POINT OF DESPERATION.

THEN MOLLY KILLED HERSELF.

**...but now
what?**

THIS WAS ONE OF THE SCARIEST THINGS I'VE EVER FELT. THE ONE PERSON I KNEW, BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T HIDE ANYTHING. SHE WOULD COME OVER AND WE WOULD TALK LATE AT NIGHT, AND AS HORRIBLE AS IT MAY SOUND, MAYBE THE REASON I LIKED HER WAS BECAUSE I KNEW SHE WAS MORE FUCKED-UP THAN ME, AND THAT WAS COMFORTING. I HATE TO ADMIT THAT. WHATEVER THE REASON, I LIKED TO TALK WITH HER. SHE MADE NO SECRET OF HOW SHE DIDN'T TRUST ANYONE, NOT EVEN ME. AND MAYBE THAT'S WHY I LIKED HER, BECAUSE SHE WAS UPFRONT ABOUT SHIT LIKE THAT. WE AGREED ON ONE FUNDAMENTAL THING. DON'T TRUST ANYONE. AND TO NO ONE ELSE COULD I SAY "I DON'T TRUST YOU AT ALL" TO THEIR FACE. MOLLY AND I HAD THAT UNDERSTANDING. SO WHEN SHE KILLED HERSELF, IT PUT A TOP ON ALL MY FRUSTRATIONS AND

never ending story

sometimes i forget all

about you. sometimes i want to try to find you & kill you.

? did you know you were my best friend (i trusted you)?

? did you know i had a crush on you? 'till the night that

? we drank & you took over - six years later & it's still

? not over.

it never lets me go -

that night you wouldn't

let me go...

i'll never make that mistake

again...

CRAZINESS AND EVERYTHING CAME
APART. THE WORST PART OF HER KILLING
HERSELF IS THAT SHE'LL NEVER KNOW
HOW MUCH SHE MEANT TO ME.

HOW VERY MUCH . SHE MEANT TO ME

ANOTHER PIECE OF PAPER IN MY MESS...

A MILLION THOUGHTS SWARMING AROUND MY
HEAD-A MILLION THINGS HOLDING MY PEN
AWAY FROM MY PAPER-A MILLION HORRIBLE
IMAGES EATING AWAY AT ME-A MILLION
POINTS OF INSPIRATION MAKING ME WRITE.
A MILLION TIMES I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT HER-
A MILLION UGLY THINGS. - A MILLION BEAUTIFUL
THINGS

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. MOLLY IT
WAS MY FRIEND. I GUESS IT DIDN'T

COMPASSION. I WOULD'VE LOVED
TO HAD THE STRENGTH AND OPPORTUNITY
TO OPEN UP TO SOMEONE TEARS AGO.
BUT IN OUR CIRCLE, NO ONE TALKED
ABOUT SEXUALITY. WE TALKED
ABOUT MUSIC AND POLITICS AND
IDEOLOGIES. THESE THINGS CAN BE SO
LONELY...

HOPEFULLY WE CAN BE MORE THAN
THAT NOW. ONCE YOU'VE TASTED
THE TRUTH, YW CAN NEVER GO BACK.

1997... THINGS ARE GONNA BE
ALRIGHT.

LOVE AND DEVOTION,

JOE

ABOUT RAPE, BECAUSE IT'S TEARS AND
HOPE, NOT RHETORIC. I WANT TO
SHARE EMOTION THROUGH THIS, ALTHOUGH
I'VE NEVER BEEN ALL THAT GOOD ABOUT
WRITING OUT EMOTION. I WANT TO
REACH OUT TO BOYS WHO HAVE BEEN
SEXUALLY VIOLATED, BECAUSE I KNOW
~~HOW~~ HOW HARD IT IS, AND HOW IT
STAYS A DARK SECRET, AND HOW IT
DISTORTS SEXUALITY... I WANT TO
OFFER MY STRENGTH AND HOPE AND
COMPASSION TO ANYONE WHO HAS
BEEN THROUGH SEXUAL VIOLATION.
CONGRADULATIONS FOR MAKING IT
THIS FAR, BUT I DON'T KNOW THE
INS AND OUTS OF A WOMAN'S
PSYCHOLOGY LIKE I DO A MAN'S.
I JUST HOPE I CAN OFFER SOME

MEAN MUCH TO HER. I GUESS I NEVER
MADE IT CLEAR. I PUNCH MYSELF FOR
NOT BEING ABLE TO SAY EVERYTHING.
FOR ASSUMING PEOPLE KNOW WHAT I'M
THINKING.

I MADE HER A CAKE FOR HER BIRTHDAY.
IT WAS A GINGERBREAD CAKE. I WANTED
IT TO BE PERFECT. I WANTED HER TO
REMEMBER THIS ONE AS A GREAT
BIRTHDAY CAKE. I HAD NO IDEA IT
WOULD BE HER LAST BIRTHDAY CAKE. IT
BURNT.

I CAN'T MAKE SENSE OF MY
FEELINGS. I'M NOT SAD, BECAUSE SHE'S
PROBABLY BETTER OFF. I'M NOT
SUPRIZED BECAUSE I KNEW IT WOULD
HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER. I'M JUST
FRUSTRATED BECAUSE IT'S TOO LATE.

I HOPE THAT IN THE SECOND IT TOOK
FOR THE TRIGGER TO SEND THE

BULLET, SHE FELT RELIEF. THE GAME IS OVER. LIKE A BOXER WHO IS LOSING MISERABLY FEELS WHEN HE'S FINALLY KNOCKED OUT. HE MAY HAVE LOST BUT AT LEAST IT'S OVER.

MOLLY, DO YOU FEEL RELIEF?



AND YET SO SHADY AND IN THE PAST. BUT IT DOES STILL EFFECT ME, AND IT'S STILL A PART OF ME THAT EFFECTS MY CHARACTER, MY REACTIONS, MY ACTIONS. PLUS, I STILL THINK IT'S SOMETHING THAT NEEDS TO BE TALKED ABOUT, AND MEN NEED TO DISCUSS RAPE AND SEXISM, NOT REMOVED FROM IT BUT DIRECTLY INTERMINGLED IN IT. BECAUSE WE ALL ARE INTERMINGLED IN A CULTURE OF DATE RAPE AND "IT'S A WOMAN'S ISSUE" AND, "HEY, I'M DOING MY PART," AND SO FORTH. I DO THE SAME. ALL I'M GETTING AT IS THAT WE CONSTANTLY QUESTION EVERYTHING, EVEN OUR OWN IDEALS. I DON'T WANT TO GET RHETORICAL

THINGS I REALLY LIKE ABOUT MOLLY..

- ...SHE WAS SO FUCKING CYNICAL AND SNIDE SOMETIMES, IN A GOOD WAY
- SHE WAS HONEST
- SHE LIKED GOOD MUSIC
- SHE WAS PROUD TO BE IRISH
- SHE WAS WORKING CLASS
- SHE ALWAYS OFFERED TO COOK ME A MEAL WHEN HER DAD WASN'T HOME (BUT NEVER DID)
- SHE COINED THE TERM "YOU FUCK IT"
- SHE WAS EXTREMELY OBNOXIOUS (SOMETIMES THE GOOD WAY)
- ...SHE WAS REALLY SILLY SOMETIMES
- SHE WAS COOL.

ON THE BOY. WE BOTH ACKNOWLEDGED IT, AND HE HAD A CRUSH ON ME, TOO. WE HUNG OUT TOGETHER A LOT. WE KISSED WITH MUTUAL CONSENT. IN FACT, I HAD SPENT THE NIGHT AT HIS HOUSE BEFORE (ALTHOUGH WE NEVER GOT PAST KISSING). IT WASN'T THAT ONE DAY I JUST "WOKE UP" WITH A VIVID PICTURE OF EVERYTHING, THAT HAPPENED. ONE DAY I DID REALIZE IT HAPPENED, BUT I STILL GET NEW MEMORIES OF THE FINE DETAILS. MEMORIES THAT HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP FOR EIGHT YEARS NOW.

THIS STORY IS OLD, I KNOW, BUT IT GOES ON

IT MAY SEEM LIKE A SILLY THING TO WRITE ABOUT, EIGHT YEARS LATER. A DATE RAPE THAT IS ALL TOO PERSONAL AND ALL TO REAL

Forever 17

TOO TOUGH TO CRY, BUT IN THE DARK
OF NIGHT, I FELT LIKE YOU, SO SCARED
AND ALONE, AND TOO TOUGH TO CRY -
WITH TEARS JUST WAITING FOR
MY EYES...

SO MANY PEOPLE AND YOU STILL FELT LONELY.

ROCK AND ROLL FOREVER -
I'LL NEVER SEE YOUR FACE
I GUESS IT WAS NOW OR
BUT DID YOU EVER THINK
I GUESS AGAIN.
NEVER,
OF ME?

SO MANY PEOPLE
AND THEY CALD
ALL CARE LESS...

... SO MANY PEOPLE
AND YOU MADE IT
ONE LESS.

I CARED ABOUT YOU.



I WISH I KNEW WHAT
TO SAY. OCTOBER CAME
AND YOU WENT AWAY. I
WISH I HAD JUST ONE MORE
DAY...

RESPONSE TO IT. AFTER YEARS OF
DENIAL, IT WAS SO CRUCIAL TO HAVE
PEOPLE AROUND ME TELLING ME IT WAS
OK, OR THAT THEY WENT THROUGH THE
SAME THING... THAT THINGS WERE
GONNA BE ALRIGHT.

A BIG THANK YOU TO THE PEOPLE
WHO CARED ENOUGH TO RESPOND
IT MEANS THE WORLD.

THE EVER CHANGING STORY

AFTER REALIZING THE RAPE AND
PLAYING IT OVER AND OVER IN MY
HEAD, THE 6 YEAR OLD DETAILS START
TO CHANGE, WHEN I FIRST WROTE
BORN TO LOSE #1, IT WAS BLACK &
WHITE. AND NOW I REALIZE THINGS
THAT CHANGE THE STORY AROUND.
FOR EXAMPLE, I HAD A BIG CRUSH

MOSTLY FROM WOMEN WITH A
SIMILAR STORY. IT WAS NAUSEATING
AND AT THE VERY SAME TIME HOPEFUL
TO SHARE STORIES WITH THESE PEOPLE.

I WAS NEVER GOOD AT TALKING. ABOUT
IT, BUT MANY AWESOME LETTERS GOT
EXCHANGED. THE REACTION OF MY
FRIENDS WHO KNOW ME THEN WAS
PRETTY INTENSE. BECAUSE OF THAT
ARTICLE, ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS
ADMITTED THAT HE HAD HOMOSEXUAL TENDENCIES
THEN (AND NOW) TOO, BUT WE COULD
NEVER ADMIT IT TO EACH OTHER FOR
WHATEVER REASONS. SOME PEOPLE
AUTOMATICALLY TREATED ME AS AN
EXPERT ON THE TOPIC (WHICH I AM NOT,
BY ANY MEANS), AND MOST PEOPLE
GAVE ME A LOW KEY APPRECIATIVE
COMMENT OR SOMETHING. PART OF
THE WHOLE OF BORN TO LOSE #1 WAS

We Are All

Mortal

IN THAT POSITION. THAT WAS REALLY
A SCREWED-UP NOTION AND IT
"STRAIGHTENED ME OUT" OVER THE
COURSE OF THE 6 YEAR DENIAL PERIOD.
AND NOW I WANT WHAT'S MINE.

"BOYS KISSING BOYS - IT'S ABOUT
TIME TO TAKE WHAT'S MINE..."
CAPIN JAZZ

AND I'M NOT SAYING, I'M ACTUALLY
HOMOSEXUAL OR EVEN THAT I'M
ATTRACTED TO OTHER BOYS. I'M JUST
SAYING, I'M TRYING, NOT TO BE AFRAID
OF THAT NOTION. I'M TRYING, NOT TO
BE ENTIRELY CLOSED OFF TO THE IDEA,
EVEN IF I'M NOT FEELING THAT WAY
RIGHT NOW.

PEOPLE'S REACTIONS

I GOT A LOT OF GOOD RESPONSE TO
THE ARTICLE IN BORN TO LOSE #1.

DAD

I'll tell you where: they got shoved way up inside that hiding spot. They got denied and erased, because they were part of a horrible experience. And six years later, do I still have homosexual tendencies pushed way up in some dark corner? I've had crushes on boys, but no desire to be physical with them. I guess I've resigned myself to be open to anything, because maybe I won't just simply understand all those repressed feelings overnight. But homosexuality was a fear before. Admitting I had homosexual tendencies kind of felt like (and I know this is stupid) - like I was putting myself

BLOOD OF BLOOD

I REMEMBER EVERY WORD YOU SAID - BLOOD OF BLOOD YOU GAVE ME LIFE. AND FROM BIRTH UNTIL THE DAY I DIE, PART OF YOU IS ALWAYS ME.

EVERY WORD TRANSFIXED IN ME - I LEARNED SO MANY THINGS FROM YOU, AND SOMETIMES I FEEL SO DECEIVED.. BY THE PART OF ME THAT'S ALWAYS YOU.

BLOOD OF BLOOD; SO SELF-RIGHTEOUS, WITH CONTEMPT FOR EVERYTHING, MADE TO MAKE THE STRAIGHT AND NERVOUS - ALWAYS TAUGHT UGLY BIGOTRY.

WE'VE STAYED SO FAR AWAY. FAR AWAY AND THAT'S OK WITH ME. BUT BLOOD OF BLOOD I'M STILL AFRAID

BECAUSE I KNOW YOU'RE ALWAYS

SEXUALITY

MY SEXUALITY HAS GONE THROUGH SOME PRETTY INTENSE SHIT. FROM MY DAD CALLING ME A FAGGOT AND A QUEER, TO GETTING BEAT UP REPEATEDLY IN SCHOOL BECAUSE I WAS ALLEGEDLY QUEER, TO HAVING A CRUSH ON A BOY, TO BEING RAPE'D BY THAT BOY, TO HIDING AND COVERING EVERYTHING UP FOR SIX YEARS, TO LOOKING AT MYSELF AND NOT HAVING ANY CLUE AS TO WHAT'S REAL AND WHAT'S SOCIALIZED. SINCE BEING TO LOSE #1 MY SEXUALITY HAS GONE THROUGH SOME CHANGES. BEFORE I REMEMBERED THE RAPE, I COULD CONFORMABLY CALL MYSELF A HETERO-SEXUAL. BUT 6 YEARS LATER, I REMEMBERED HAVING HONEST HOMOSEXUAL TENDENCIES, THEN AND WHERE DID THEY GO?

WITH DRINKING, TO SOMETHING POSITIVE. MAYBE THEN I WOULDN'T BE AFRAID OF IT. AND THEN IF I DIDN'T DRINK IT WOULD BE OK. IT'S TAKEN A PRETTY ROUGH ROAD, BUT NOW, 1997, I AM NOT AFRAID OF ALCOHOL. I STILL GET WIERDED OUT AROUND PEOPLE WHO GET REALLY FLIRTY AND PHYSICAL WHEN THEY'RE DRUNK, BUT THE IRRATIONAL - THEY'RE GOING TO RAPE ME" SUBCONCIOUS FEAR IS GONE. I CAN NOW COMFORTABLY DRINK AROUND FRIENDS, AND THAT'S SOMETHING I COULD NEVER EVEN DREAM OF BEFORE. TO ME, IN A VERY REAL WAY, DRINKING REPRESENTS LIBERATION. IT MAY SOUND HORRIBLE, BUT IT'S TRUE. AND MY ASSOCIATION HAS BEEN SO REVERSED THAT MY EXPERIENCE WITH RAPE DOESN'T EVEN ENTER MY MIND.

BORN TO LOSE #2...

I STILL HATE HIM FOR CALLING ME A FAGGOT.
I STILL HATE HIM FOR TEACHING ME POLAK JOSES
I STILL HATE HIM FOR TELLING ME TO
ACT LIKE A WHITE KID.

MAYBE YOU THOUGHT I WOULD HAVE
FORGOTTEN ALL OF THAT, AS WE HAVEN'T
TALKED IN YEARS. BUT NO, I CAN'T FORGET
THE DAYS YOU WOULD SCREAM AT ME
AND THREATEN ME BECAUSE I WORE
ALL BLACK & LISTENED TO PUNK, AND
HOW YOU WERE SO EMBARRASSED OF ME -
YOUR OWN KID - AND THE TIME YOU
GRABBED ME AND CUT OFF ALL MY HAIR
BECAUSE I LOOKED LIKE A QUEER. I
DON'T FORGET THESE THINGS.

I NEVER FORGET THESE THINGS.

I DON'T EXPECT HIM TO APOLOGIZE,
AND MORE THAN LIKELY HE DOESN'T
EVEN KNOW HOW MUCH HE AFFECTED

ME. AND IM STILL TO CHICKENSHIT TO TELL. MAYBE I ALWAYS WILL BE.

DAD, DON'T BE SUPRIZED I WON'T VISIT. YOUR GIRLFRIEND SAYS YOU'LL BE NICE TO ME. WHERE THE FUCK WAS SHE WHEN YOU WERE BREAKING DOWN MY LIFE? SHE HASN'T GOT A CLUE AS TO MY FEELINGS OF YOU. BUT SHE'S AN INNOCENT BY-STANDER. YOU DON'T HAVE A CLUE AS TO MY FEELINGS OF YOU.

I DON'T LOVE YOU.

I DON'T LIKE YOU.

PART OF ME HATES YOU.

BUT AS I WRITE, I KNOW IT'S BECAUSE I STILL CARE. I JUST WISH I CARED ENOUGH TO STOP CARING.

I DO LOVE YOU, DAD.

IT HURTS, BUT I DO. YOUR SON,
506

AND NOW THAT I REALIZED THAT MY FEAR OF DRINKING REPRESENTED MY FEAR OF BEING RAPED, I KNEW I HAD TO GET OVER IT AT ANY COST. MENTALLY I WAS PREPARED TO BE DONE WITH IT, BUT PSYCHOLOGICALLY I COULDN'T PICK UP A BOTTLE TO SAVE MY LIFE. I TRIED DRINKING BY MYSELF, WHICH ALWAYS WAS SO MISERABLE. I'D'VE BEEN HAPPY NEVER DRINKING IF I KNEW I WASN'T AFRAID OF IT. IF I DIDN'T DRINK BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO. BUT **I WAS DEEPLY AFRAID OF IT.** BECAUSE TO ME, IT REPRESENTED GETTING RAPED. THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I DRANK. BUT I TALKED WITH PEOPLE, AND I ASKED PEOPLE THAT I TRUSTED TO DRINK WITH ME AS A HEALING PROCESS. I WANTED TO CHANGE MY ASSOCIATION

OF HOW BIG, OF AN ISSUE THIS REALLY IS. AND SO SOMETHING I BACKED OUT FOR SIX YEARS WAS NOW IN THE FORFRONT OF MY MIND CONSTANTLY. THAT WAS REALLY HARD TO DEAL WITH ON A DAILY BASIS, BECAUSE I WASN'T EVEN THE SAME PERSON ANYMORE - I WASN'T THE 10TH GRADE GOTH KID. I WASN'T SMALL AND SHY ANYMORE. BUT FOR WHATEVER REASON, THAT WHICH HAPPENED TO THAT MECK LITTLE 10TH GRADE GOTH HAPPENED TO ME, AND ALL THE YEARS IN BETWEEN JUST SEEMED LIKE BLACKNESS.

DEALING WITH ALCOHOL

IT WAS AFTER BORN TO USE #1 THAT I REALIZED EXACTLY WHY I WAS SO AFRAID OF DRINKING. I PICKED DRINKING AS THE SCAPEGOAT. IT NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF I WASN'T SO DRUNK.

THIS FOLLOWING PART IS A LETTER I WROTE TO MY DAD, BUT I CHICKENED OUT OF SENDING IT. PARTS OF IT ARE SCATTERED AND IT'S UNFINISHED, BUT I'LL INCLUDE IT ANYHOW.

DEAR DAD,

WELL, IT'S BEEN ABOUT THREE YEARS SINCE WE TALKED, AND I DON'T KNOW IF THERE'S EVER BEEN A TIME WE TALKED HONESTLY. THIS IS HARD FOR ME TO DO. I HAVE ALOT TO SAY, AND TO BE HONEST, NOT MUCH OF IT IS GOOD. FORGIVE ME IF THIS IS A MISTAKE.

YOU WERE MY MALE ROLEMODEL GROWING UP. I LEARNED MORE FROM YOU THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE. I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START... AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER YOU TAUGHT ME TO HATE AND DISRESPECT. YOU ARE RACIST, SEXIST, AND HOMOPHOBIC. YOU NEED TO REALIZE THAT.

I REMEMBER CRAZY THINGS.

I REMEMBER YOU TELLING ME TO "EAT LIKE A WHITE KID" AT THE TABLE. I REMEMBER TELLING POLAR JOKES WHEN I WAS THREE YEARS OLD. I REMEMBER YOU SAYING THAT THE GOOD THING ABOUT MEXICANS IS THAT THEY WORK HARD. I REMEMBER YOU CHEATING ON MOM WITH A WOMAN IN MEXICO. I REMEMBER YOU FLIRTING WITH WOMEN AT THE SWAP MEET. THEN, A LITTLE OLDER, I REMEMBER YOU CALLING ME A QUEER AND A FAG. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT DID TO ME. IT'S TRUE, I WAS AN ANKWARD KID, AND I DEFINITELY HAVE NEVER BEEN MACHO. I DIDN'T LIKE SPORTS OR FIGHTS. I LIKED BOOKS AND MUSIC. SO AT THE SAME TIME YOU WERE CALLING ME A FAGGOT AT HOME, ALL THE TOUGH ASSHOLES AT SCHOOL WERE DOING THE SAME. I GOT BEAT UP MORE THAN A FEW TIMES, BUT I COULD NEVER TELL YOU. BECAUSE TO ME, YOU WERE THE SAME AS THEM. I WOULD GET HUMILIATED AT SCHOOL, AND THEN AGAIN

TWO BECAUSE I DON'T WANT THIS TO BE LONG AND TEDIOUS.

WRITING BORNT TO LOSE #1 WAS ONE OF THE MOST LIFE CHANGING EXPERIENCES FOR ME. I TOOK ALL MY FEAR AND PENT UP SECRECY AND LAID IT ALL OUT ON THE LIVE. I STARTED OFF WITH ONLY 50, BECAUSE MY INTENT WAS TO GIVE THEM ONLY TO PEOPLE I KNEW AND TRUSTED AS IF MY LIFE DEPENDED ON IT, BUT AFTER SOME WERE GIVEN OUT, I GOT UP THE COURAGE TO PRINT MORE. I THINK I ENDED UP PRINTING AROUND 300 TOTAL, INCLUDING THE #1 & #2 SPLIT. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS IN ITSELF WAS EMPOWERING.

I HAD AMAZING TALKS WITH WOMEN ABOUT RAPE AND SO FORTH, AND I CONSTANTLY WAS REMINDED

EIGHT YEARS LATER...

A RETROSPECTIVE SELF ANALOGY OF HEALING.

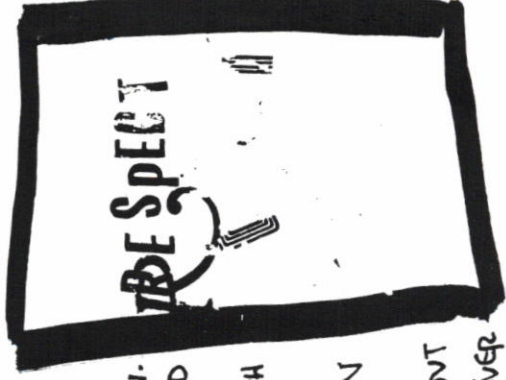
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IT'S BEEN EIGHT YEARS SINCE I WAS SEXUALLY EXPLOITED BY A BOY. IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IT WAS TWO YEARS AGO I OPENED UP ABOUT THIS, NOT ONLY TO THE PUBLIC BUT TO MYSELF. SO MUCH HAS CHANGED IN MY LIFE IN THE PAST TWO YEARS, A LOT OF IT DIRECTLY RELATING TO RAPE AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF IT. SOMETIMES I CAN LOOK BACK AND LAUGH AT MYSELF; SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE I LET MYSELF STAY IGNORANT FOR SO LONG.

SO, I'M GOING TO TRY MY BEST TO RECOUNT MY EXPERIENCES FROM 1994 TO PRESENT AS RELATING TO MY RAPE EXPERIENCE. IT WILL BE FAR FROM COMPLETE AND COMPREHENSIVE, FOR ONE, BECAUSE I HAVE A TOTALLY SHORT ATTENTION SPAN... C

AT HOME. YOU TREATED ME WITH TOTAL LACK OF RESPECT, AND YOU TREATED MY MOM WITH TOTAL LACK OF RESPECT. AND WE JUST SILENTLY ACCEPTED IT.

SO, I'M 23 NOW, AND I FEEL AS THOUGH I'VE FIGURED A LOT OF THINGS OUT. I KNOW THAT PEOPLE OF ALL RACES ARE EQUAL, BUT DUE TO THE WHITE EUROCENTRIC NATURE OF OUR SOCIETY, SOME LESSER PRIVILEGED RACES ARE BROUGHT UP WITH LESS EDUCATION AND LESS OPPORTUNITIES.

AN EQUALLY TRUE DISADVANTAGE IS IMPLANTED ON WOMEN. AND HOMOSEXUALS. AND SO ON. I HAD TO START IN THE RED WITH RESPECT AND UNDERSTANDING. TO LEARN THESE THINGS I HAD TO RESPECT JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER



TAUGHT ME.

I DON'T WANT YOU TO FEEL BAD WHEN YOU READ THIS. I DIDN'T WRITE IT TO HURT YOU. I WROTE IT TO TELL YOU HOW I FEEL AND WHAT I KNOW NOW. I FEEL LIKE I'VE LEARNED SO MUCH FROM YOU THROUGHOUT MY LIFE; NOW THAT I'M OLDER YOU CAN LEARN FROM ME, TOO. THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU I WAS PROBABLY 17. A LOT CAN CHANGE IN SIX YEARS. MAYBE YOU'VE CHANGED, TOO. IT WOULD BE NICE TO HEAR YOU HAD. IT'S SILLY I CAN'T TALK TO YOU. EVER SINCE I STARTED GETTING MY OWN PERSONALITY YOU'VE BEEN DISAPPOINTED. IT WAS HARD WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, BECAUSE YOU WERE SO CRITICAL OF ME NOT FITTING INTO SOCIETY. AND I STILL DON'T FIT IN. I DOUBT I EVER WILL. AND THIS IS WHY I'M STILL AFRAID TO TALK TO YOU; BECAUSE I ANTICIPATE YOUR CRITICISM. IT'S BEEN EASIER FOR THE PAST SIX YEARS.

THAT PEOPLE ARE LIVING THROUGH IT EVERY FUCKING DAY. I'M STILL POWERLESS TO THE IMAGES MY MIND CONJURES UP. BUT MINE'S IN THE PAST. MY HEART GOES OUT TO THE PEOPLE WHO ARE FRIGHTENED AND INTIMIDATED IN THE PRESENT. **I AM WITH YOU.** I WILL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU. ALTHOUGH YOU MAY FEEL FRIGHTENED, VIOLATED, SCARED - YOU DO NOT HAVE TO FEEL ALONE. YOU'RE NOT ALONE. YOU'RE NEVER ALONE.



HAVE ANY REASON TO HIDE, BECAUSE
OTHER THEN POOR CHOICE OF FRIENDS, I
DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG. AS MUCH AS I
WANTED TO BELIEVE IT NEVER HAPPENED,

IT DID.

--- I KNOW FIRST HAND WHAT IT'S LIKE
TO BE INTIMIDATED. I KNOW WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO BE SCARED (SCARRED). I KNOW
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE VIOLATED, AND TO DENY
IT AS IF IT WAS A MISTAKE ON MY PART. I
KNOW THE FEELING OF BEING POWERLESS.

--- I KNOW MALE OPPRESSION AND DATE
RAPE FIRST HAND, AND I SHAKE AS I WRITE
THIS, KNOWING THAT OTHER PEOPLE KNOW
WHAT I KNOW, AND KNOW IT IN THE SAME
WAY. IT'S ALL SO REAL. THE EMOTIONS I
FEEL ARE SO VERY REAL. MY HANDS ARE
SHAKING AND MY HEART IS RACING. TOO
MUCH REMEMBERING THE PAST. HORRIFIED

BUT I NEED YOU TO KNOW THAT I CARE
ABOUT YOU, AND THERE ARE TIMES I WISH
I COULD HAVE YOUR APPROVAL; YOUR
VALIDATION.

I HOPE JOHN IS OK. I HOPE HE MOVES
TO PORTLAND SOMEDAY. I REALLY LIKED
LIVING WITH HIM. PLUS, I THINK IT'S EASY
FOR HIM TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE HERE,
BECAUSE HE'S NOT BORED AND DEPRESSED.
THE SAME WAS TRUE OF ME. THE ONLY TIME

I EVER HAD A PROBLEM WITH DRUGS &
ALCOHOL WAS BEFORE YOU & MOM SPLIT UP.

I NEVER REALIZED HOW DYSFUNCTIONAL
OUR FAMILY WAS UNTIL I WAS OLDER AND
MOVED AWAY. NOW, YEARS LATER, I
FINALLY HAVE THE COURAGE TO TRY TO TURN
IT AROUND. BUT YOU HAVE TO WRITE
BACK AND EXPLAIN HOW YOU FEEL. HOPEFULLY
WE WILL UNDERSTAND AND RESPECT.
EACH OTHER A LOT MORE THROUGH

THIS. THAT'S WHY I'M DOING IT...

MY LETTER ENDS THERE. SADLY, I DIDN'T SEND IT IN MY MOMENT OF PASSION, AND NOW I'M AFRAID OF THE CONSEQUENCES AGAIN. IT'S NOT AS EASY AS IT MAY SOUND LIKE TO OPEN THE DOORS FOR COMMUNICATION. BECAUSE AS VITAL AS COMMUNICATION IS, I KNOW THAT WITH IT WILL BE MORE ANGUISH, MORE BELITTLEMENT, MORE HATRED, MORE CONDESCENDING WORDS, MORE MISCOMMUNICATION, AND, EVENTUALLY, MORE LOCKS ON THE DOORS. SO AS OF NOW, I DEAL WITH MY END OF THE SITUATION. DEALING WITH ALL THE FUCKED UP TRAITS OF HIS THAT SLIPPED INTO ME. I HAVE ENOUGH WORK DEALING WITH THE PARTS OF HIM I CARRY. I DON'T THINK I'M READY FOR HIM AS A PERSON YET. ALREADY, WITH YEARS OF NOT TALKING TO HIM,

HER. BECAUSE EVERYTIME SHE DROVE IT BROUGHT BACK THE PAIN OF MY LAST DRINK, AND THE PAIN OF SOMEONE WHO CARED ABOUT ME BUT ONE NIGHT GOT TOO DRUNK AND BECAME THE WEADEST HAPPORE I'D EVER SEEN. BUT I REALLY LOVED HER, SO AFTER SIX YEARS, I TOLD HER. SHE WAS THE FIRST PERSON I TOLD AND MY SOUL WAS FINALLY FREE. GOD, SIX YEARS IS A LONG TIME TO KEEP A FUCKING SECRET. UNTIL I TOLD HER, I HAD ALMOST CONVINCED MYSELF I HAD MADE THE WHOLE THING UP.

SO HERE IT IS, THE WHOLE THING, ON PAPER, FOR ANYONE TO READ. AND I'M SURE IF THE JOCKS AND DIETROCKERS FROM MY HIGH SCHOOL EVER FOUND OUT, OR IF MY DAD EVER FOUND OUT, THEY WOULD THINK THEY WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG. BUT I REALIZE NOW I DON'T

HITLER THAT I NEVER BROUGHT IT UP,
AND I JUST PHASED HIM OUT OF
MY LIFE. I NEVER TOLD ANYONE. I DROPPED
OUT OF THAT WHOLE SCENE AND SHAVED
MY HEAD. I NEVER DRANK FROM THAT
DAY ON AND NEVER TRUSTED ANYONE
WHO DRANK. I HEARD ALL THE RUMORS,
AND OF COURSE, HE GLAMORIZED IT TO
HIS FRIENDS. PEOPLE KNEW AND I LIED.
FOR SIX YEARS I LIED TO EVERYONE. NOT
A SINGLE PERSON DID I TELL. TIME WENT ON
AND I PUSHED IT FARTHER AND FARTHER
BACK INTO MY MIND. I WENT THROUGH
GIRLFRIENDS AND SITUATIONS. THEN I
FELL COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY IN LOVE.
THIS PERSON MEANT MORE THAN ANYONE
BEFORE EVER HAD. I WANTED HER TO
BE MY EVERYTHING. BUT TO ME, SHE HAD
ONE QUIRK. SHE DRANK. AND ALTHOUGH
I LOVED HER SO MUCH, I HATED THAT ABOUT

... BUT CHANGE FROM HATRED
TO CARING, TO RAGE TO COMPASSION TO
FAITH TO UNFEELING, TOWARDS HIM.
WHAT EMOTION COULD I POSSIBLY EXPRESS
TO THE MAN WHO GAVE ME LIFE THEN
FUCKED IT ALL UP?

WHAT COULD I TELL THE MAN I
LOVE AND HATE AND EVERYTHING
IN BETWEEN?

IN SHORT ...

I DON'T KNOW.

**THE
NEVER
ENDING
STORY**

**he
raped
me.**

WE GO TO A PARTY. IT WAS FUN, I DRANK A LOT. AFTERWARDS, I COULDN'T GO HOME; MY MOM WOULD'VE SURELY KILLED ME. SO MY BEST FRIEND, WHO COINCIDENTALLY IS QUEER & HAS A CRUSH ON ME, TAKES ME TO HIS HOUSE. THERE I EMPTY MY STOMACH FOR A FEW HOURS OVER HIS TOILET, DRY HEAVE FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR SO, AND CRY AND SLOBER A LITTLE LONGER. MY FRIEND WATCHES OVER ME THE WHOLE TIME. FINALLY, HE TAKES ME TO HIS BED. I WAS SICK & DIZZY AND HOPED TO SLEEP, BUT INSTEAD HE CAME ON TO ME MUCH TO STRONG. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO MY FRIEND OF YEARS WHO JUST TOOK ME IN UNDER HIS WING AND SAVED ME FROM CHOKING ON MY VOMIT. ALL OF THE SUDDEN I WAS SCARED AND IN SHOCK AND SICK AND I WANTED TO DIE...

SO, THIS IS A STORY I WROTE TWO YEARS AGO FOR BORN TO LOSE #1. I AM RE-PRINTING IT BECAUSE I STILL THINK IT'S VALID AND I WANTED TO USE IT AS A REFERENCE POINT FOR WRITING ABOUT MY HEALING PROCESS. THERE ARE SOME THINGS I WOULD CHANGE, BUT I'VE DECIDED TO LEAVE IT IN IT'S ORIGINAL STATE TO DOCUMENT THE FEELING THEN. HERE IT GOES...

I WAS A PRETTY NORMAL KID WITH A PRETTY NORMAL LIFE. EXCEPT FOR MY RACIST, SEXIST, HOMOPHOBIC DAD & CATHOLIC MOM THINGS WERE PRETTY NORMAL. IN 5TH GRADE MY NEIGHBOR WAS A NEWWAVE (CIRCA 1983) AND I WANTED TO BE ONE, TOO. THIS MEANT LEATHER DRESS SHOES AND PANTS ROLLED UP REALLY HIGH. BY THE TIME I WAS IN 7TH GRADE I HAD PERFECTED THE LOOK, AND MY HAIR WAS LONG ON ONE SIDE, SHORT ON THE OTHER. BASICALLY, I WAS A 7TH GRADE DORK.

IT WAS THEN I WAS FORCED TO REALIZE I WAS DIFFERENT THEN THE OTHER KIDS. IN 7TH GRADE I GOT TERMED "FAG" BY THE TOUGH KIDS. I'M NOT SURE WHY, I THINK IT WAS BECAUSE THE NEW WAVE LOOK WASN'T ESPECIALLY -

MASCULINE, OR, I GUESS FOR THAT MATTER, MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE I WASN'T ESPECIALLY MASCULINE. I GOT PUNCHED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 7TH GRADE. A GUY NAMED LALO TIMINEZ.

FUNNY THAT I'LL PROBABLY NEVER FORGET HIS NAME. HIGH SCHOOL WAS WORSE. MASCULINITY NEVER SET IN - I NEVER GOT GOOD AT SPORTS, AND MY TASTE IN MUSIC AND CLOTHES WENT MORE ECCENTRIC. I KEPT THE "FAG" LABEL.

BUT I MET OTHERS LIKE MYSELF - ECCENTRIC LITTLE 9TH GRADERS WHO LISTENED TO THE CURE AND THE MISFITS. I WANTED TO "FIT IN", I WORE EYELINER & ALL BLACK, AND OF COURSE, GOT MY ASS KICKED.

I WHEN IT GOT MESSY. MY WHOLE HIGH SCHOOL THINKS I'M MY DAD THINKS I'M QUEER. QUEER.

AND THEN TAKES PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CALLING ME QUEER, AND ALL OF THE SUDDEN... MY BEST FRIEND IS QUEER. IN 9TH GRADE MY SEXUALITY HADN'T EVEN ENTERED THE PICTURE [NOTE: LOOKING BACK, IT HAD, BUT IT WAS CONFUSED AS I'M SURE IT IS IN MOST PUBESCENT BOYS]. I GOT A GIRLFRIEND, ANGIE BACILLE, 9TH GRADE GOTH GIRL. I LOST MY VIRGINITY TO HER (ON THE BEACH ON VALENTINE'S DAY) BUT IT EVENTUALLY DIDN'T WORK OUT. THEN THERE WAS ROXANNE, A SENIOR. THAT DIDN'T WORK EITHER. BUT MY QUEER FRIEND IS ALWAYS THERE, THROUGH GOOD AND BAD. IN 10TH GRADE HE TELLS ME (HE'S IN LOVE WITH ME. WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN? I TRY TO SHED IT ~~OFF~~ BECAUSE HE'S MY FRIEND AND HAS BEEN FOR AWHILE, AND I DIDN'T WANT THE DISCOMFORT. THIS IS AROUND THE SAME TIME I TRY DRINKING AND POT. SO ONE NIGHT,